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# A Lone Soldier



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Chapter 1 by Tomio Fujino

**This is a story of survival. Logic reigns supreme. This will be a lengthy and intricate story. A soldier's tale, set in the near future. Everything said will be remembered and possibly used. Continuity is key.**

After 3 more hours of scavenging houses, His watch vibrates. Time for R&I (Reassessment and inventory). Set to go off every 48 hours, it helps the man mentally and physically prepare for any event. At least, that's what his platoon commander told him, before he became separated under heavy artillery fire. He sat down on a dilapidated chair, near the middle of the ruins of a once fair size house. Going through his main backpack like he did two days ago, he finds:

2 more magazines to his Dragunov (7.62x54mmR)

3 days of rations

A rolled up sleeping pad

An emergency blanket

3 more speed loaders to his Nagant M1895

Civilian Fatigues

Different types of currency

A map of the city (and compass)

A deck of cards

A medical kit (partly used)

A Gas Mask

A Military issued pickaxes

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## A Mirror

After reorganizing some of the items to make a more centrally balanced backpack, he hefted it onto his back and he checked his compass and map. He knows that he was separated from his platoon in the rich district, which is west of the capital of New Prussia. Normally, following the sounds of gunfire will eventually lead to, at the very least, allies, but all is quiet on the western front.

Traveling through the rich district is still a risky move, so traveling through the middle class residency was possibly the safest (and slowest) way to the capital. It's been three days since his separation, and last he heard from the Czech Army was the execution of a large counter strike, planned to strike the capital in 2 days from now. Hopefully he can join up with them then.

But of course, nothing in war allows simplicity. As soon as this soldier made his mind up, he immediately spotted an enemy patrol, consisting of an armored truck with a 50 cal. turret and an armored transport, with some men sweeping the area. They are about 2 blocks down; what to do, except for direct confrontation?

### Chapter 2 by Elisah Roncal



He quickly tried to find a place to hide, but there was no place for him, it was just complete ruin and open space. But he thought about it, maybe he had a plan to capture one of the men sweeping the area and try to be one of them. He took out his main backpack and rushed to get his emergency blanket. Right when he got his emergency blanket out he gathered some rocks and piled them under the blanket, to make it look like there's a corpse under it. He also gathered some dirt and threw it on the blanket, to make it look like it's not new. After he did what he had to do, he jumped over the window and waited. He held his breathe and calmed himself down.

He waited a couple more minutes, and after all that patience he heard footsteps. He waited about 10 seconds, and looked up at the window and saw the soldier about to lift up the blanket. He jumped over the window and put him on a headlock and covered his mouth so he wouldn't

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He looked around. No one was in sight. But he knew that there must be others, others who had the soldiers back. So he began his "shift" in the soldiers place, walking and searching the area looking for the enemy. This was his plan. When the time came he would find a way to escape, a way to attack this enemy from the inside, as one of them. He might die trying, but he would cause great damage and further his cause for freedom. He put his grenade in his hand, ready to pull the cord if necessary, and the knife he had in his pocket. He was prepared for a fight if necessary, but strategy was the plan. His strategy had holes, but an opportunity would come to attack or to escape, either way he would be free to choose and either choice would be in his favor. Under the cover of darkness he could hide. So off he went looking for a good hiding place, playing the part of a sentry.

#### Chapter 4 by Cody E



He made it through the night without alarming any of his new "comrades". The next morning he set out with his new group on a 10 mile patrol. About halfway through their daily patrol, they encountered a small resistance which had been hiding inside a half destroyed hotel on the outskirts of the rich district. This left him in a very difficult predicament. Should he make a move now and give away his disguise in helping his allies inside the hotel? Or should he go against everything he has ever trained for a let his allies be torn to pieces by fire from the mounted 50 cal.? While the enemy patrol that he was hiding within was grouped together, coming up with their attack strategy, he was forced to make the toughest decision of his life. He knew that if he helped his true allies, that he would probably not live to see nightfall, but would die in a glorious manner. For the patrol he was blending in with far outnumbered his friends in the hotel in both men and equipment. On the other hand, if he helped to decimate his fellow countrymen, he would be forced to live with that for the rest of his life. What would he do in this situation? Would he choose honor and glory, or his own life to continue in the fashion of a true traitor and coward?

#### Chapter 5 by William Boeckman (BitGaming)



He had to come to a decision, time was running out.

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He quickly decided what to do, he took a spare bullet and wedged it into the action. He then slammed the bolt forward, causing the gun to jam. He then took aim at the building and attempted to fire the gun. Nothing but a click came from the weapon.

As soon as he heard the click, gunshots came from the rear of the group, killing the soldier in the turret. The rest of the patrol took cover behind whatever they could. The second force continued to lay down fire on the patrol.

He saw the best course of action as running into a nearby shop and wait for the allied forces to reach him. He laid down behind a counter and waited for someone to reach him.

As he was hiding, a reinforcement squad stormed down the road to assist the marooned squad. The sound of a 7.5 cm High Explosive round roared through the adjacent area. Soon, the reinforcements had eliminated all hostiles or forced them to rout. The reinforcements and the patrol returned back to the nearby HQ, leaving only a small detachment behind.

He peered into the street, he saw 3 units, all armed with assault rifles. Now he needed a plan of action. He could try to eliminate the detachment, or he could attempt to sneak away and meet with the routed soldiers.

## Chapter 7 by Thomas Nixon



Now that he's closer to the last known position of his former squad, it's time to get moving.

While the soldiers wonder around to the cratered building, he crouches behind the store and moves towards the back door, forcing to move some rubble and making noise as he does so.

But by the time he's out through the building, he's practically free, jogging through a decimated courtyard and across another street. Now, finally, it's time to get regroup with his squad, if he can travel the several miles through the rich district that he tried so hard to avoid earlier.

By mid-day, the soldier has used up the last of his rations. Sitting on an attic floor with no roof,

he takes out his map and once again pokes a hole in it with his knife to mark his position. There's only a few miles to his destination, but he has to go across a river that spans the entire city. That river marks the border between the two battalions of the fighting forces and he can't hope to make

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After weighing in the options for an hour, he comes up with a plan: to use his civilian fatigues and try to bribe guards at one of the bridges with everything he had. It wouldn't matter if he lost everything as long as he made it across.

To make sure that nobody else can use his rifle, he takes it apart, loosening the jammed bullet and pulling out the receiver, then thoroughly damaging it by smashing the stock of his rifle on top of it. It wouldn't be enough to break it, but it would take a while to fix.

Then, he opened his revolver and took all of his ammo for it, and smashed them into pieces too, then taking the gunpowder out of several of his rifle rounds and filling the barrel of both weapons with them.

It was a crude tactic, and the soldier couldn't hope to fully disable his weapons without the proper tools, but it would work. After changing into rugged civilian clothes he set off with the rest of his useful gear. If an enemy patrol saw him, hopefully they would just ignore him.

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